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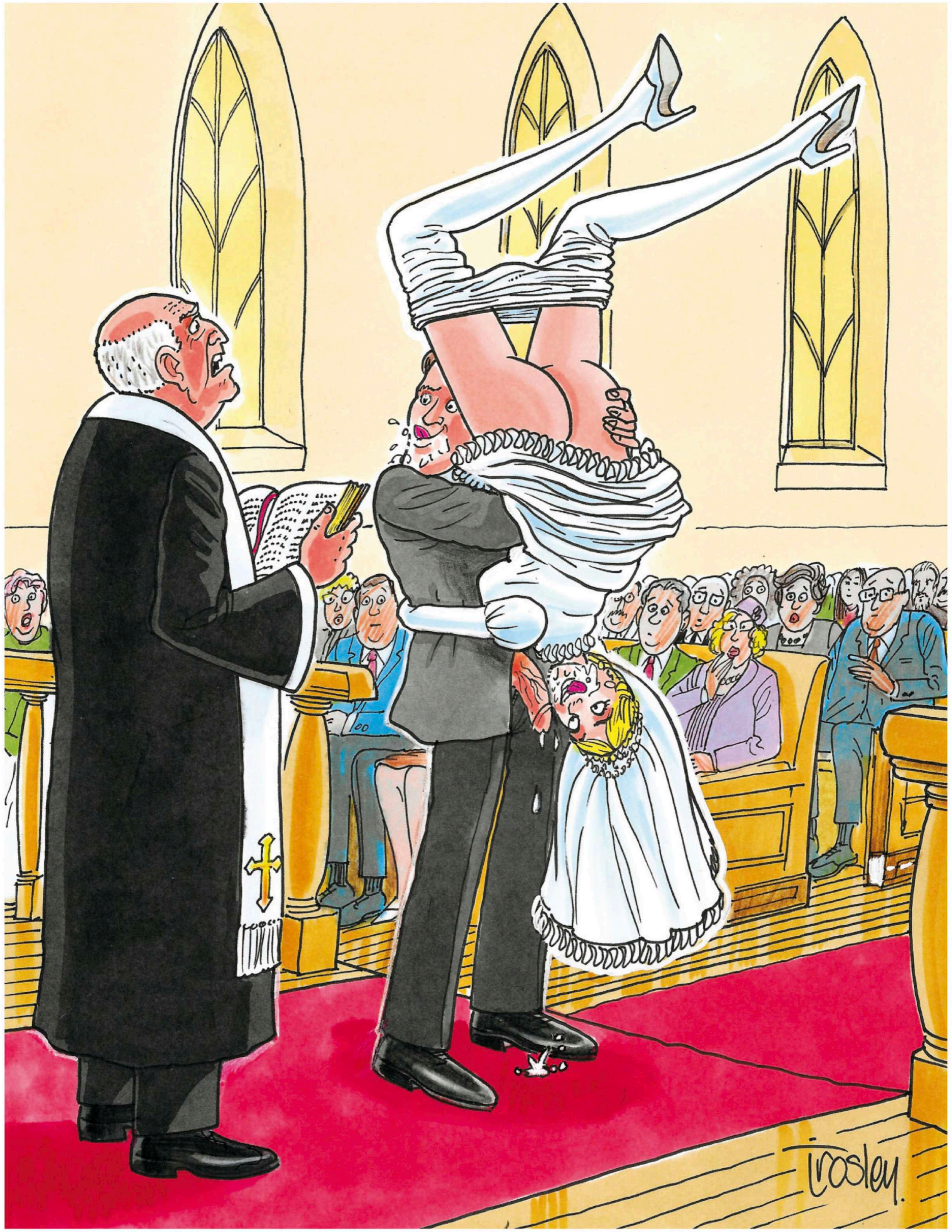

"And before I pronounce you man and wife, I'd like the congregation to know that I will no longer conduct ceremonies couples write themselves."

JANUARY 2025
Volume 51 Number 8
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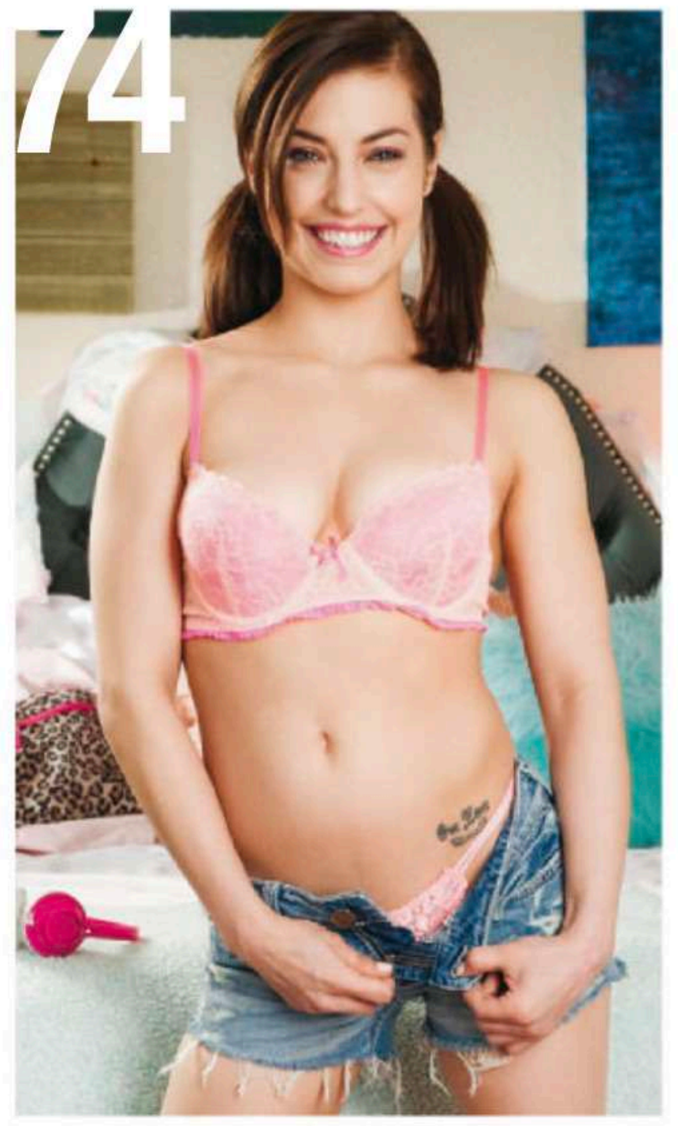

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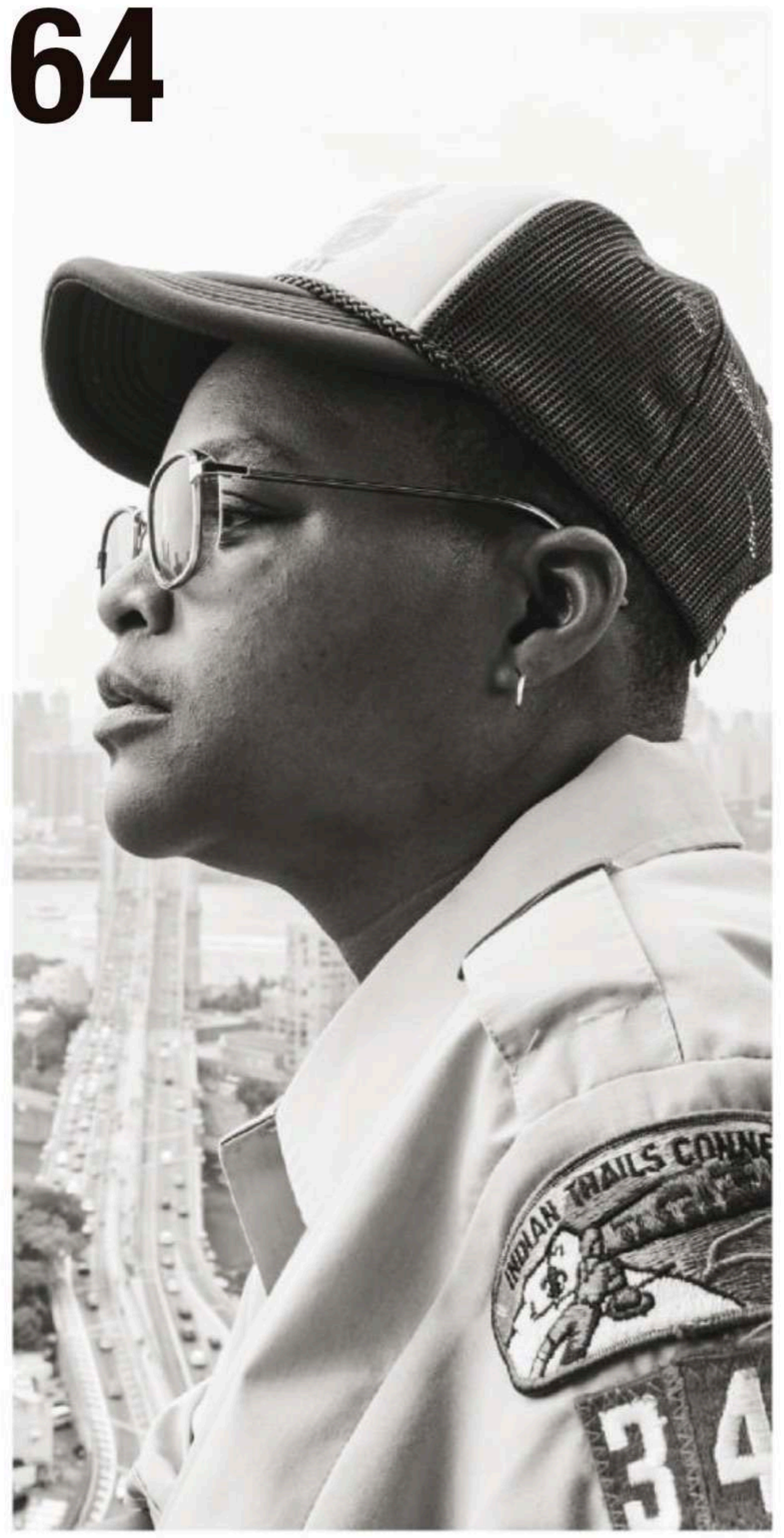

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Cover photo by Ellen Stagg

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I AM WOMAN: HEAR ME ROAR

Political pundits have been arguing and analyzing nonstop ad nauseam since Election Day. Theories on Vice President Harris's dismal loss range from the candidate having insufficient time to campaign, her inability to differentiate herself from President Biden, Americans' poor perception of the economy, etc., etc. And sure, all of those elements likely played a role. But let's not pussyfoot around the *real* reason Harris was not elected to be our next President. She is a woman. A Black woman.

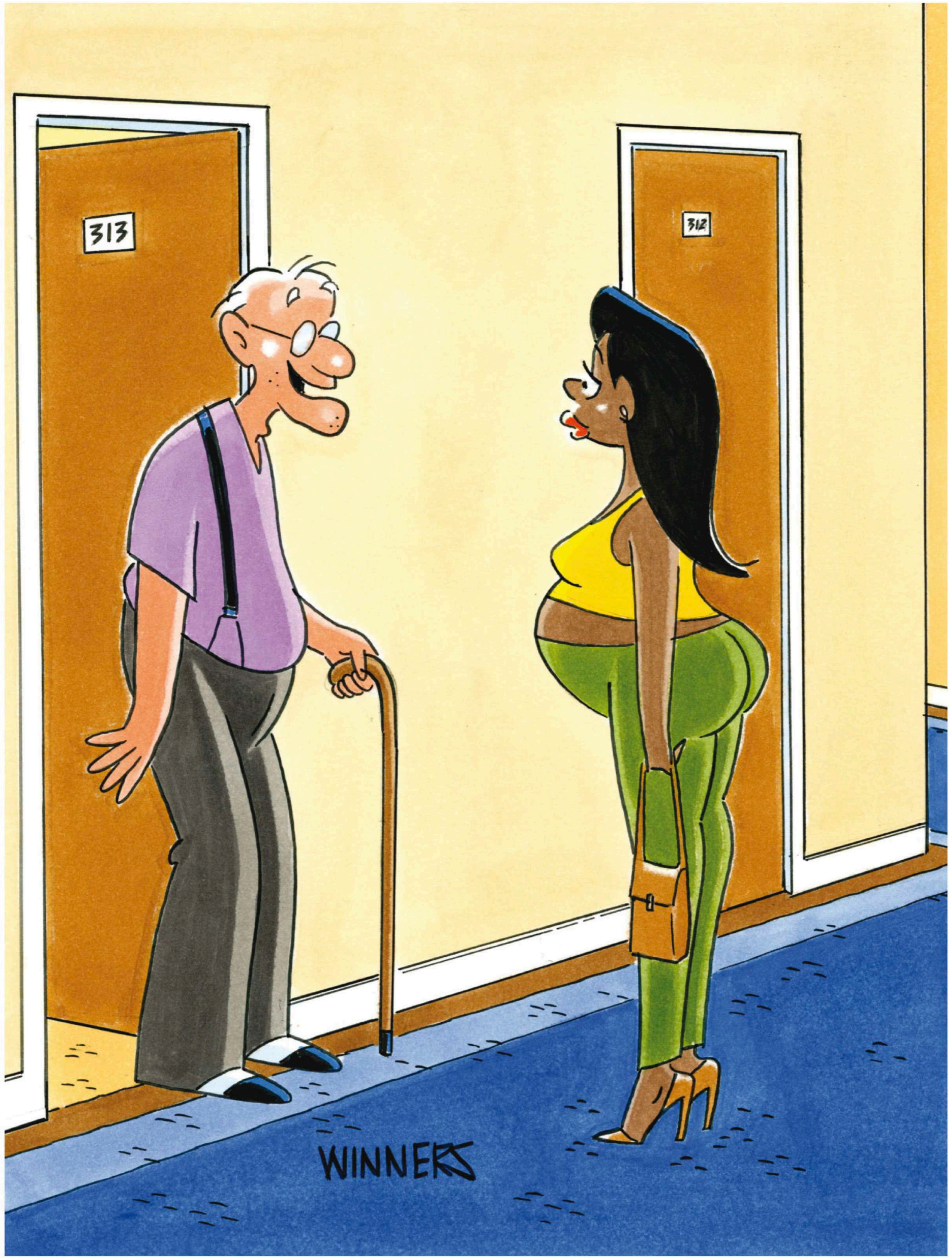
Ten million fewer Americans went to the polls in 2024 than four years ago. Yet Donald Trump received only slightly more votes than in 2020, when he *lost* to Biden. So what does this tell you? That Democrats sat home. There is no doubt in my mind that gender and race fueled this apathy, this passive misogyny and racism. As *Slate* recently posted: "It wasn't the fascism-loving fellow on whom voters couldn't trust. It was the Black woman."

What the hell? Women have fought so damn hard for rights in the U.S., and now Americans would rather see those rights slip into yesteryear than elect a capable, qualified female as our country's leader?

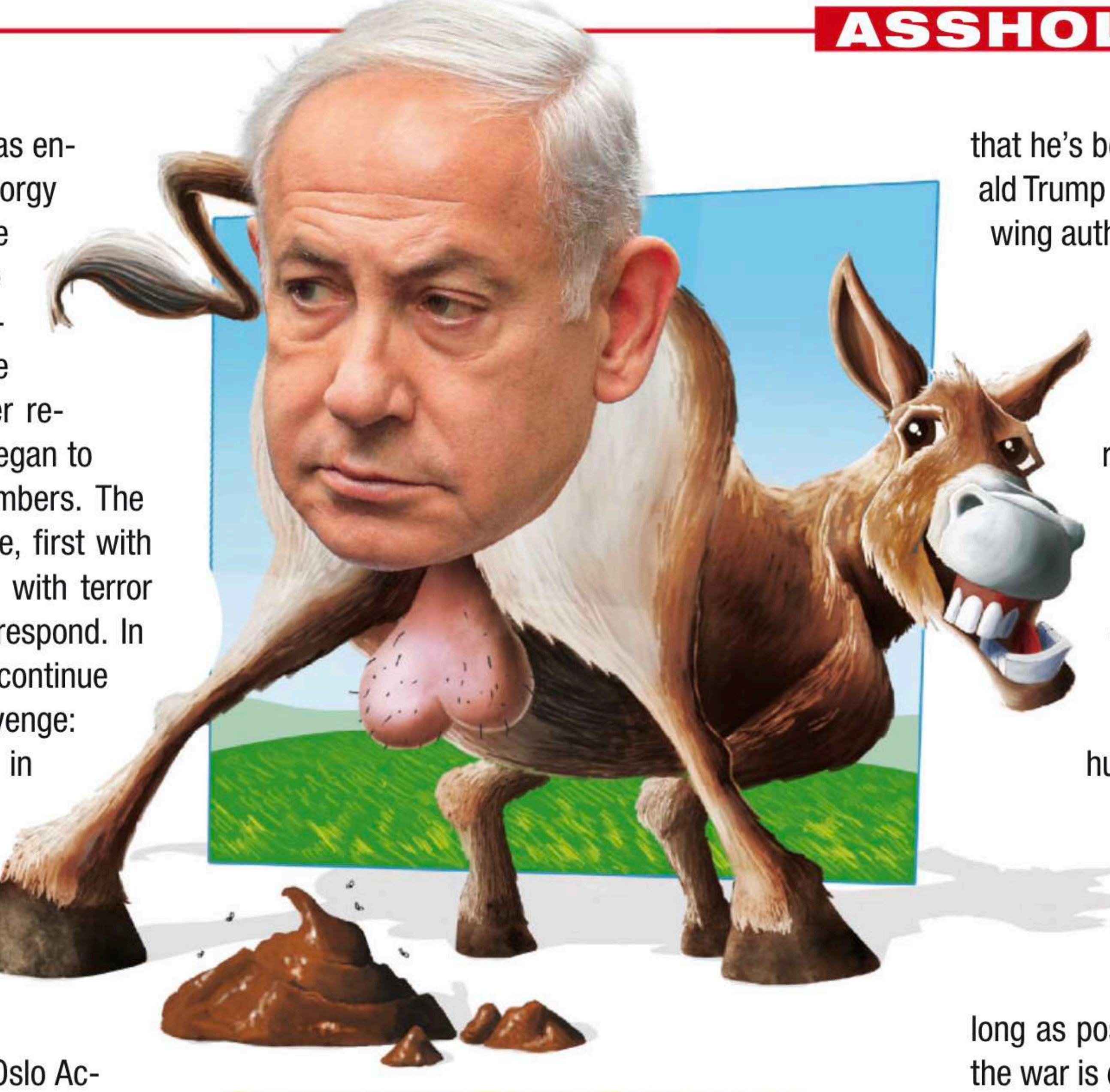
I take comfort in the fact that abortion rights measures won in seven out of the ten states where they were on the ballot. But federal protections will certainly not be restored under a Trump presidency, a federal ban is still a real possibility, and you can bet your bottom dollar that equal rights will not be anywhere on his upcoming agenda.

The political pendulum can swing back. History has taught us that. But apathy is not an option. Stand your ground for women's rights—for yourself, for your sister, for your wife. Eventually we will shatter that ultimate glass ceiling—though not without a knock-down, tooth and nail fight!

Liz Flynt
Publisher



"I'm not saying I didn't do it. I'm saying I don't *remember* doing it."



BENJAMIN NETANYAHU

For over a year now, the world has endured another gut-wrenching orgy of violence in the Israel-Palestine conflict. A little history first: After the British unveiled the 1917 Balfour Declaration promising a homeland to the Jewish people in Palestine, a former region of the Ottoman Empire, Jews began to immigrate to the region in large numbers. The Arabs opposed this Zionist enterprise, first with legal means and civil protests, then with terror attacks, spurring Jewish militias to respond. In this century, two extremist parties continue this endless cycle of atrocity and revenge: on the Palestinian side, the fanatics in Hamas, and on the Israeli side, the fanatical Likud party led by Benjamin Netanyahu, the longest-serving and most far-right prime minister in Israel's history.

The serial bloodshed came very close to ending in the '90s with the Oslo Accords, when PLO (Palestine Liberation Organization) chairman and leader of the Fatah party Yasser Arafat agreed to forswear terrorism and recognized Israel's right to exist; in return, Israel agreed to negotiate with Arafat and withdraw from designated Palestinian lands conquered and occupied ever since the 1967 War, as mandated by U.N. Security Council Resolution 242. In a famous photo op, Arafat and Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin shook hands. But extremists on both sides were furiously opposed to "land for peace," and Rabin was assassinated by an Israeli right-wing lunatic in 1995, opening the door for Netanyahu and his conservative Likud party to assume power in 1996. Netanyahu had vociferously opposed Oslo.

Bibi lost in the election three years later, and during negotiations in 2000, Arafat and Netanyahu's successor Ehud Barak blamed each other for the failures of the Oslo peace process, with Arafat ultimately triggering the Second Intifada in 2000—a series of horrific conflicts between Palestinian militant forces and Israeli Defense Forces (IDF) that claimed the lives of over 1,000 Israelis and nearly 5,000 Palestinians.

Ever since, it's been on-again, off-again assaults by Hamas and Islamic Jihad, spurring counteroffensives by Israel, as the U.N., the USA, the E.U. and Arab nations all struggle to stifle the mayhem. Netanyahu was reelected as Prime Minister in 2009 and resumed his duplicitous lip service in support of a two-state solution while secretly supporting the radicals in Hamas to sabotage it. Former Israeli Brigadier General Yitzhak Segev told a *New York Times* reporter that he [Segev] began financing the radical Palestinian Islamic movement, specifically Mujama Al-Islamiya, the precursor to Hamas, as a "counterweight" to Arafat and his Palestinian Authority government in the 1980s. This was corroborated by Avner Cohen, a former Israeli religious affairs official stationed in Gaza, who told *The Wall Street Journal* in 2009 that Hamas is "Israel's creation." And Netanyahu himself confided to a Likud party gathering in 2019, "Anyone who wants to thwart the establishment of a Palestinian state has to support bolstering Hamas and transferring money to Hamas." Which is exactly what he has done over the years, greenlighting millions of dollars to flow to Hamas from wealthy supporters in Qatar.

Netanyahu and his far-right coalition calculated that they could tolerate Hamas as an effective counterweight to the Palestinian Authority in order to prevent the establishment of a Palestinian state. Meanwhile, illegal Jewish-only settlements continued in the West Bank, authorized by Netanyahu and condemned by nearly the whole world, except the United States. *Keep your eyes on Gaza and Hamas! Ignore the West Bank!* was Netanyahu's battle cry. This policy worked until Hamas terrorists poured out of Gaza on October 7, 2023, butchering 1,200 Israeli soldiers and civilians—the worst massacre of Jews since the Holocaust. In a Dialog Center poll of Jewish Israelis conducted later that month, 86% blamed Netanyahu and his government for the disaster. And for good reason.

Before October 7, the whole country had been racked with the largest antigovernment demonstrations in its history: Upward of 200,000 protested every Saturday for over eight straight months in opposition to Netanyahu's radical plan to cripple the Supreme Court's ability to review parliamentary decisions. Netanyahu's goal: to rule as unobstructed autocrat while evading criminal sanctions. You see, in late 2019, Netanyahu was indicted for bribery, fraud and breach of trust. The criminal cases were delayed by the COVID pandemic and are still dragging on under the cloud of wartime exigency as of this writing. Unlike in the U.S., former leaders in Israel convicted of crimes actually spend time in prison; former Israeli President Moshe Katsav was imprisoned for years for rape, and former Prime Minister Ehud Olmert served 16 months for breach of trust. Many Israelis and Americans allege that Netanyahu is prolonging the terrible carnage in Gaza and Lebanon because once it ends, he "is finished" politically, in Seymour Hersh's words, and will likely spend time behind bars. It comes as no surprise that he's been a close friend of criminal honcho Donald Trump since the '80s, and has buddied up to right-wing authoritarians Orban, Berlusconi and Putin.

Many Jewish American journalists and politicians have condemned Netanyahu: Thomas Friedman opined that he will go down as "the worst leader in Jewish history, not just in Israeli history." Senator Chuck Schumer said, "Netanyahu has lost his way by allowing his political survival to take precedence over the best interests of Israel." Congressman Jerrold Nadler summed it up in a statement before Bibi's 2024 speech to Congress: "Benjamin Netanyahu is the worst leader in Jewish history since the Maccabean king who invited the Romans into Jerusalem over 2,100 years ago," and later to MSNBC, "He says he wants peace, but his political interest is to keep the war going as long as possible, because he knows that as soon as the war is over, he'll have to face a commission of inquiry, why he was telling Qatar to arm Hamas before the election, and why he ignored warnings from the military about the attack on October 7…" To avoid this fate, Netanyahu has resisted all calls for a ceasefire in Gaza, despite a majority of Israelis supporting such a deal. In an N12 news poll from last July, 72% of Israelis thought that Netanyahu should resign, 44% of them saying the resignation should be immediate.

How does he get away with this? In the 2022 elections, Netanyahu's coalition of right and extreme-right parties gained a slim majority of seats in the Knesset: 64 out of 120, half from his Likud party and the rest from the ultra-Orthodox and Religious Zionism parties. The latter two, led by the radical zealots Bezalel Smotrich and Itamar Ben-Gvir, believe that Yahweh ordains the illegal Jewish settlements in the West Bank and has granted Israel a deed to even greater territories in Lebanon and Syria. Both threatened to resign from the coalition if Netanyahu ends the bloody war, meaning new elections would have to be held—elections Netanyahu would likely lose.

Netanyahu claims his mission is to totally destroy Hamas, but his defense minister, Yoav Gallant, says this is "nonsense." Of the almost 43,000 Gazans killed in this war so far, over half have been women and children, according to the Palestinian Health Ministry. Every day, there seems to be a new air strike killing dozens of civilians with mostly American-funded munitions. As British journalist Piers Morgan objected on X: "When the IRA were murdering people in England, we didn't drop 2,000-pound bombs on Belfast because the terrorists were living among civilians."

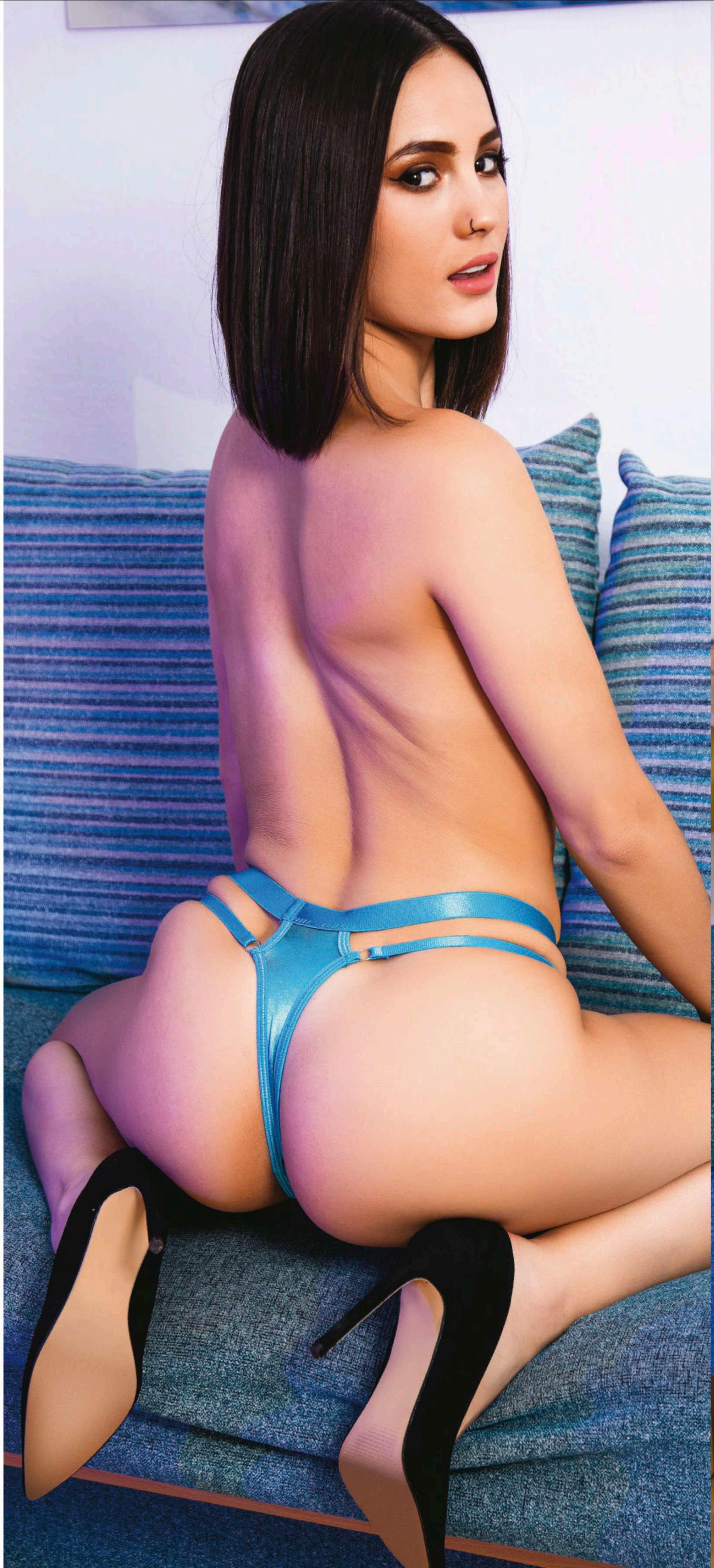
IDF and Israeli paramilitary forces have bombed hospitals, schools and mosques. They're accused of killing journalists, wiping out humanitarian aid convoys and torturing prisoners. Since the October 7 attacks, Bibi has broadened the war with strikes in Syria and Lebanon. If he continues, an all-out war with Iran is at risk, which could trigger an even larger conflict. There will never be peace in this region until the Hamas terrorists *and* Netanyahu and his fundamentalist allies are consigned to the dustbin of history.

PHOTO BY IMAGEPLOTTER/ALAMY

LUCY MENDEZ

UNSTOPPABLE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEVEN ANDRES



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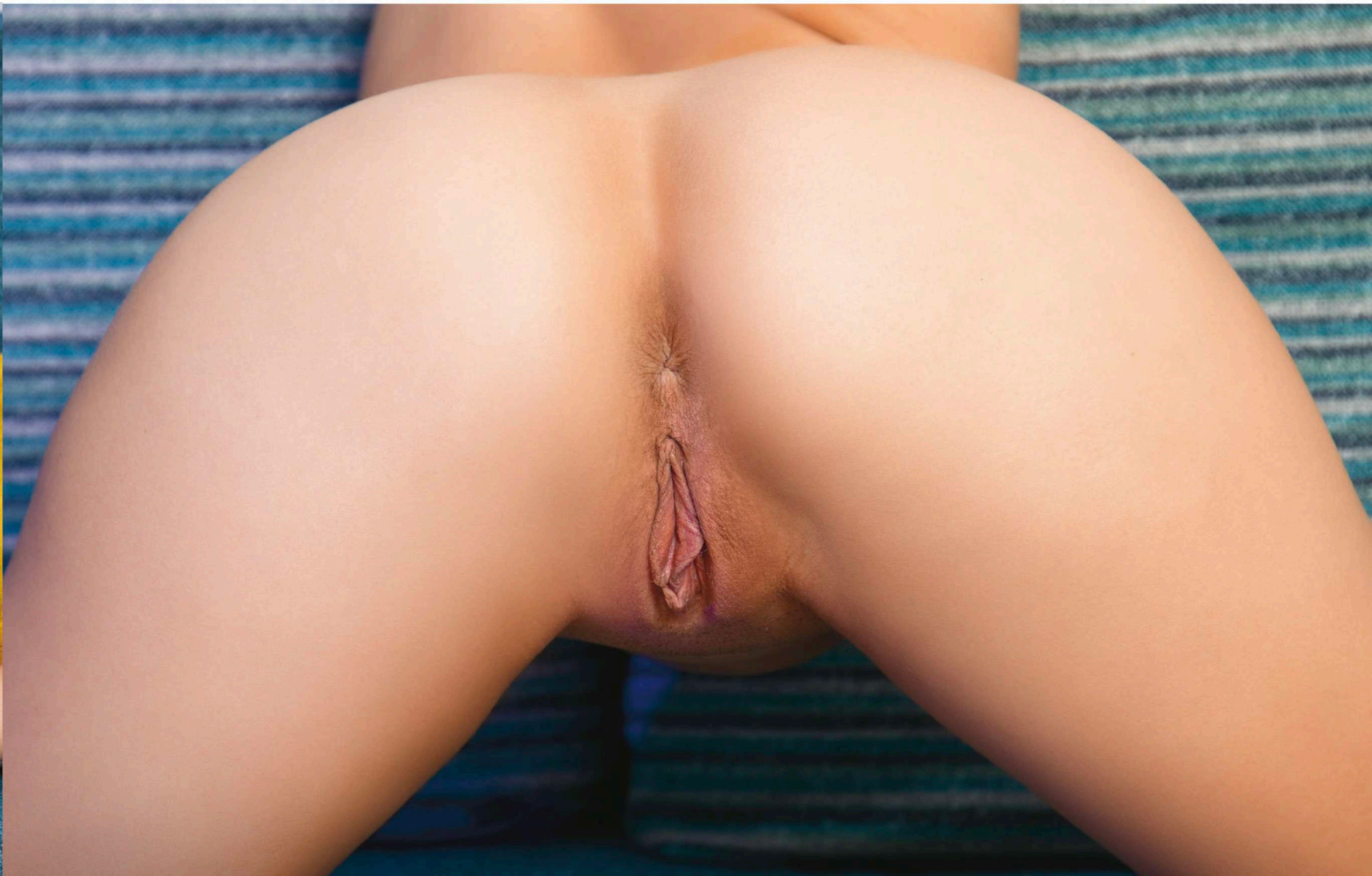
My friends would say that I am funny and a little bit crazy. I would add super loyal. I'm also an unstoppable dreamer and totally unpredictable. Some of my hobbies and passions might surprise you. I enjoy quantum physics and numerology, as well as geography and history. And I love museums. Learning about the world and its cultures is fascinating to me, so I love to travel and discover new places.

"I enjoy exploring when it comes to sex too. My most memorable sexual experience—so far, at least—was with someone I made an incredible connection with. The sex just flowed between us, with no barriers or taboos. That's what great sex is: sharing, connecting and enjoying without judging. When it comes to location, the craziest place I've ever had sex was in a barn. My fantasy? Someday I would love to get with two straight men who also enjoy interacting with each other.

"Modeling and performing make me feel like a goddess, and being admired by others really improved my confidence. I'm very proud of the work I do. I would like society to look at the performers in this industry as hard-working people, and to recognize us as artists. I value every opportunity I have been given in this industry, and I will always appreciate working with such incredible people. I hope my fans enjoy watching my work as much as I've enjoyed creating it!"



LUCY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Miranda State, Venezuela**
AGE: **29** | HEIGHT: **5-1**
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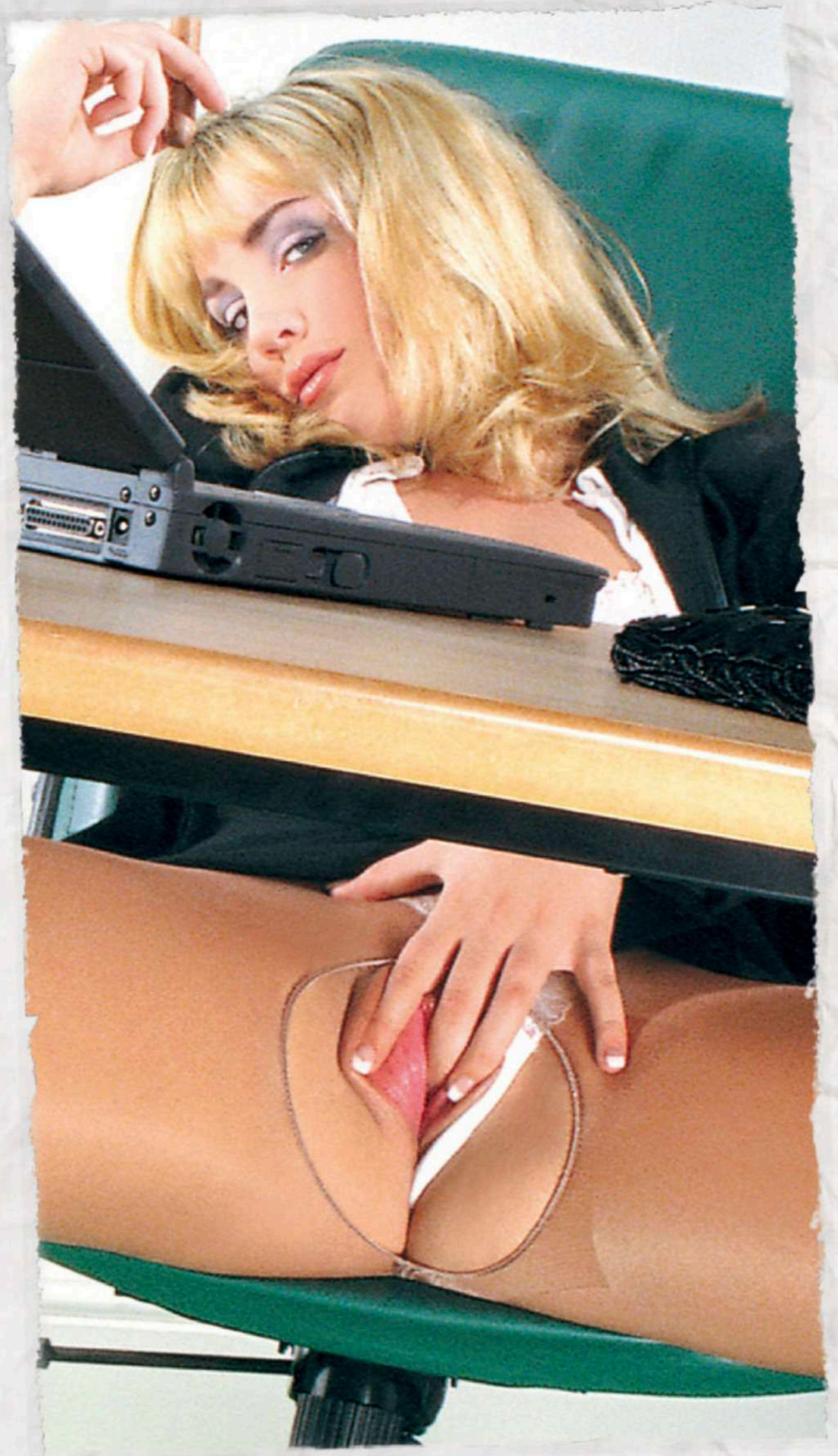


Hot Letters

EVERY YEAR WE RECEIVE HUNDREDS OF STEAMY LETTERS FROM YOU, OUR READERS. HERE ARE A FEW OF OUR HOTTEST HOT LETTERS, THE BEST OF THE BEST. SO LOCK THE DOOR. WARM UP YOUR FINGERS OR YOUR FAVORITE TOY. GET COMFORTABLE. AND ENJOY.

POKE HER POKER

The ace of spades was sticking to my left titty, the queen to my right—my hole cards, my *losing* hole cards, in tonight's game of Hold'em. I was bent over the table, getting reamed from behind by Nick's deliciously thick tube steak. The rest of the boys were watching. Some were rubbing their bulges. A couple already had their fucksticks in their fists. *Mmm.*

I loved this game, our Thursday night home game. Even when I lost, I won. My nipples were crushed against the felt. My snatch was jammed full of cock, and Nick was taking his sweet-ass time dicking me. A butt cheek in each big hand, he slowly rammed that beautiful prick of his balls-deep. I could feel every blessed inch. Reaching under me, I grabbed his nut sac and held him there before he could pull back. Clutched my cunt walls tight around his snake till the man was moaning. Flexed my twat around his meat over and over.

I looked around. Besides Nick, there were five rough, burly construction workers. Every set of eyes was focused on me. Every prick was fat and hard. Every man was jacking off. What was not to love?

It had all started, innocently enough, as a penny-ante game in a Culver City bar—you know the type, meet once a week, down a few beers, win or lose 40 bucks. Then about three months back the place got shut down for serving teens, and the weekly game moved to my place. Somehow, somewhere along the way, the stakes changed and got much higher. Now anything was fair game. Bets ranged from household chores—cleaning, cooking, grocery shopping—to lawn-mowing and oil changes, and for the really, really high-stake bets, sex.

See, I'm a pretty fair poker player—better than my sucker friends, anyway—meaning I win and get my pussy licked regularly. But that damn river card can sometimes screw you. Take tonight, for instance: By the time the turn hit, it was just me and Nick betting. I had two pairs, aces and queens, *and* a flush draw. I put Nick on a high pair, maybe jacks or kings, but all he really had was a pair of threes. Fucker had no business even being in the hand, but he goes ahead and bluffs anyway—makes the ultimate fucking bet. "I win and I get my dick wet," he said, "in your tight little pussy. You win, I'll lick you, rim you, anything, you name it."

Well, I snapped that up fast. I could practically feel his tongue on my clit. Then the river card fell—a three of hearts. So now I was paying up.

Nick moved over me till I felt his breath hot on my neck, his muscular chest pressing into my back. Suddenly he grabbed my arms, swung them above my head and held my wrists in one of his huge paws against the table. "Al, tie them together," Nick directed his best friend. A second later my wrists were bound—by my own bra, no less—and all control was stripped from me.

It surprised me how excited I felt being totally at Nick's mercy. My skin tingled, every nerve ending alive. My snatch pulsed around his throbber. The other men moved closer till my vision was filled with closeup cock after cock after cock. Made me crazy!

I tried to shove my hips back at Nick, tried to rub my clit off on the felt. But the man was having none of it. He set the pace—short, sharp jabs, long lunges. He'd bring me to the edge and stop—then start all over again. His big hands were back on my butt, squeezing.

Now, I'm not the type to beg, but I sure as hell was begging then, moaning, "Fuck, Nick, please let me come."

One after the other the five men in front of me started to spray. Thick ropes of jizz hit my hair, my face. I opened my mouth wide to provide a target and was rewarded with mouthfuls of creamy spunk. Nick finally showed mercy. He slammed his jackhammer deep once, twice, three times, and I was coming. My body melted from the inside out—total ecstasy—till I was limp as a rag doll.

Unbelievably, we went right back to playing Hold'em, and the very next hand I held pocket kings. An ace came on the flop. I bet. Nick raised. I was fucked.

—D.A.
Venice, California

The men moved closer till my vision was filled with cock after cock after cock.

TIGHT TEEN TWAT

"Single white male, divorced." I reread what I had written, crumpled the sheet of paper into a ball and threw it at my cat across the room. Dodger batted it back.

I was 32, with a failed marriage already behind me. Dodger had never liked Daphne, the ex. Right from the start, he'd hissed whenever she entered the apartment. I should have listened. Our marriage lasted all of six months before she left me broke and desperately, achingly lonely.

So now I was trying to write an ad for—I don't know—some dating site. I mean, how the hell was I supposed to meet someone, holed up in my office as an engineer for the city? For the last four years I had seen the same three people every single workday, 8 to 5. Still, I just wasn't a website kind of guy. So I played ball with my cat a little longer and went to bed.

The next day was hell at work, problem after unresolved problem. By 5 p.m. I was thoroughly depressed. Then I hit traffic on the freeway and got completely stuck in gridlock. Off to my right a neon flashing sign advertised "Girls! Girls! Girls!" along with a banner touting happy hour booze. What the fuck—I hit the exit.

> I had forgotten how tight a cunt could be, how fuckin' glorious.

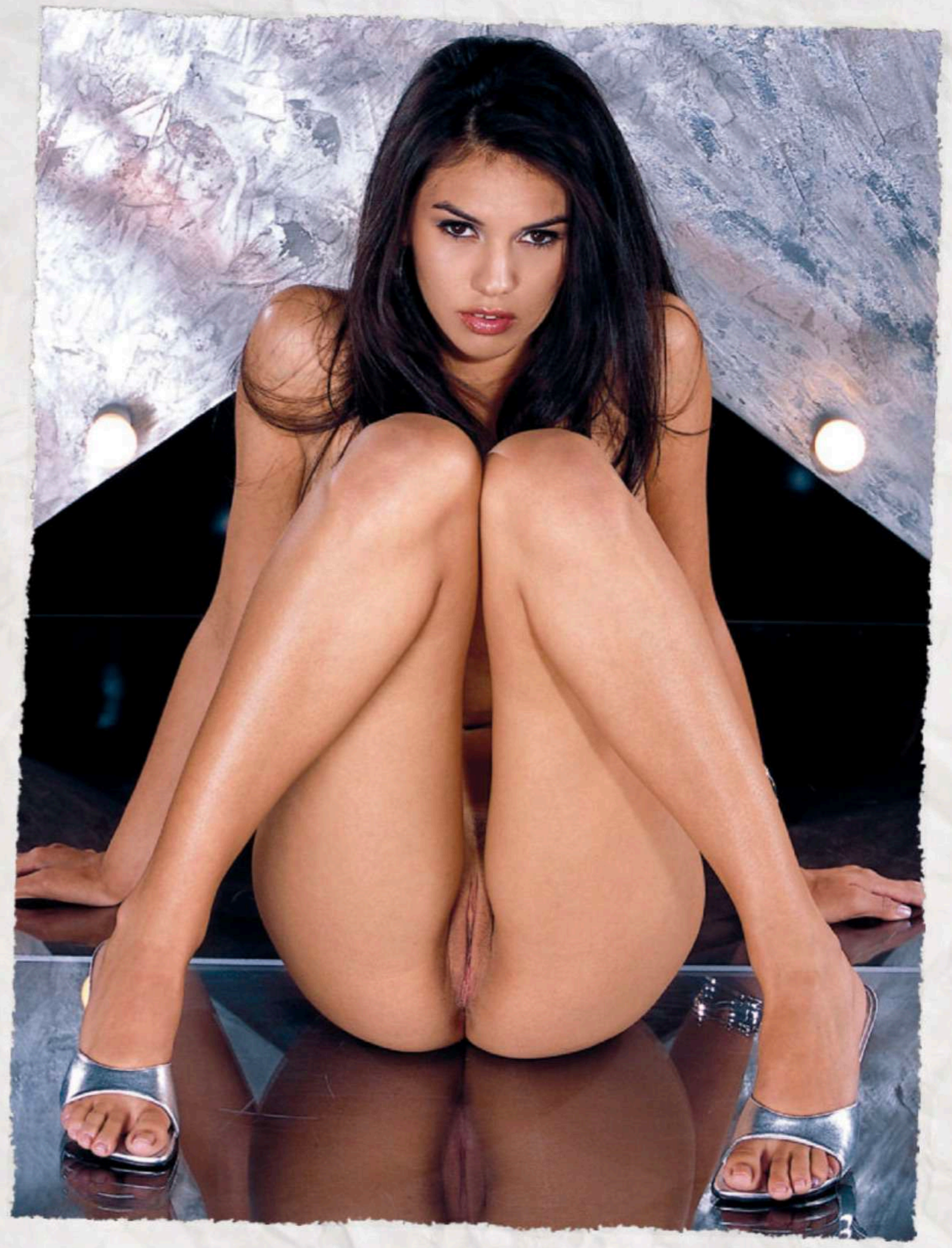
Inside the strip club it took a minute for my eyes to adjust to the light. Looked typical—red velvet, Naugahyde booths, a pussy bar. And then I saw her.

She was a petite little thing—if I had to guess, maybe 19—dancing to some insanely fast beat. Girl looked more like a gymnast than a stripper. She came out of a back walkover to shoot me this amazing, disarming smile, and I was hooked, drawn to the stage like a magnet to steel.

By the time her set ended, I had emptied my wallet and was standing at their ATM machine, getting money for a lap dance. For some reason the girl made me feel good. I had no idea how good until I followed her cute, handful tush into a dingy back room.

Star led me to a simple wooden chair in the middle of the room. The second I sat, she stripped off the bra and G-string she had pulled on when she left the stage. She started shoving her perfect, perky titties in my face. It was only my second lap dance ever, and I was pretty sure I wasn't allowed to touch her. But when a long, hard nipple brushed across my lips, I couldn't resist. I trapped her spigot between my teeth and started sucking.

Star didn't stop me. She simply plucked a couple 20s from my fist as she straddled my lap and began rubbing her smooth cooch along my cock bulge. Soon my fuckstick was iron in my jeans. Star lifted up a bit to unzip me and fish my pecker out of my boxers, and when she sat back down, her bare, wet twat lips smothered my cock. Oh, my God.



Was she actually going to let me fuck her? I stopped suckling long enough to stare into her dark brown eyes, trying to gauge the answer to that question. Star just smiled her beautiful smile and slipped the rest of the bills from my fingers as she slipped my crown into her quim.

It had been months since I'd enjoyed any pussy, but a decade or more since I'd scored teenage pink. I had forgotten how tight a cunt could be, how fuckin' glorious. Closing my eyes, I focused on the strong muscles massaging my shaft, squeezing and releasing. Star rode my pole from cap to base again and again as I ran my hands over her body, caressing her ass cheeks and tracing a line up and down her crack.

When my fingers moved to her clit, I felt something hard and opened my eyes to see a sparkling gold ring piercing her trigger. A gentle tug elicited a high-pitched mewling. I pulled a couple more times, and Star's tiny body began trembling. Her twat jammed down to my balls and stayed there. Pussy juices washed over my sac. Her cunt clutched around my shaft, and I was done. Powerful blasts of jizz shot from my dick as the girl fell limp against my chest.

Call me a schmuck, but from that minute on I was in love. I asked Star if she'd stop by my place after work for a drink. She said no. But a week and four more visits later, she changed her mind. And when she walked through my apartment door last night, my cat Dodger wrapped himself around her legs, demanding to be petted. Go figure.

—A.W.
Address Withheld by Request

B-DAY THREEWAY

Her ass blushed a deeper shade of red with every swat. I was sitting in a chair, jerking off—watching my wife get spanked by her best friend Cassie. *Whack!* Tina's full, crimson butt cheeks trembled, and delighted moans escaped her ruby lips. Her thighs glistened with pussy juice.

It was October 12th, my 30th birthday, and this was my birthday present. Strangely, I wasn't as involved as I would have liked to be. It wasn't quite what I had envisioned in my frequent—read daily—threeway fantasies.

But let me start at the beginning.

My wife of three years had always been a good wife. In fact, Tina was everything an ambitious young attorney could ever want in a mate: beautiful, smart and incredibly adventurous, even inventive in bed. It was her idea to arrange this birthday threeway. But I admit, Cassie was *my* choice for other woman. She was a big-titted blonde with a big, firm tush, the kind you want to crush in your fists and push your face into. I'd known Cassie for years. She'd been my wife's best friend for-fuckin'-ever. In retrospect, she might not have been a good choice.

For a week before the big day, Tina concocted increasingly hot, kinky threeway scenarios and whispered them into my ear at night, in bed, while we were making love. In one Cassie was deep-throating my granite cock while my wife licked her best friend's twat from behind. In another, I jammed into Cassie's tiny, pink, puckered bung while Tina nursed on the blonde's heavy melons. My wife described each scene in intricate detail, the musky scent of hot pussy, the taste, the feel of Cassie's long, hard nipples against her tongue.

For a week before the big day, we had amazing, awesome sex—incredible orgasms powered by imagination and anticipation.

Finally October 12th arrived, my birthday. Happily, it fell on a weekend, so I looked forward to a full day of unadulterated lust. We decided to start out by the pool, and Cassie arrived around noon for a late champagne brunch, looking completely edible. All those curves wrapped up in a black bikini. *Mmm.* Made my mouth water. Tina looked gorgeous too—lithe and tanned in a skimpy white one-piece, chestnut curls falling loose down her back. When they kissed each other in greeting, the contrast was striking—black, white, blond, brunet—by the time their kiss ended, my cock was throbbing. Fuck breakfast. I stripped off my swimsuit.

Walking up behind Cassie, I caressed that extraordinary shelf ass for a few minutes, losing myself in the feel of firm booty. Skimming her suit down, I pushed my boner into her crack, grabbed a butt cheek in each hand and started jacking. My prick moved up and down that hot crevice, wrapped in ass flesh. Meanwhile Tina had stripped off Cassie's top and was licking and lapping every inch of those huge, hanging knockers. Seemed like a good start.

Soon Tina slipped to her knees to eagerly attack Cassie's twat. I could hear nasty slurping sounds, and every now and then my wife's tongue slapped at my nuts. I jacked harder and drizzled spit into Cassie's ass crack for lube. I was just about to press my swollen prick cap into that tiny poop chute—my ream dream was just about to come true—when the blonde reached a violent, thrashing climax, lost her balance and fell to the grass.

I guess I should have moved a little quicker, because in the time it took me to figure out my next move, Cassie regained her senses, pulled my wife across her lap, snatched down that one-piece and started spanking! And there I was, left standing with my throbber in my fist.

The scene was incredibly hot, however, so I took a seat and started wanking. Tina was coming and crying and moaning that she loved Cassie, that she always had. And I realized that what we were actually doing here was fulfilling Tina's fantasy, not mine. I started wondering how long she had wanted to fuck her best friend—or was this even the first time? I wondered when my wife had turned lezzie on me.

Finally I decided, *What the fuck.* I walked right up, tangled my fingers in Cassie's blond locks and insisted on a blowjob. This was *my* threeway, dammit.

—J.M.
Garland, Texas

PUSH FOR BUSH

Jane always shaved her snatch smooth as silk. Not a single hair. Not a bristle. Just pink plump labes and pussy under my tongue.

Come to think of it, every girl I had ever been with—I was 23, and Jane made number seven—had shaved her slit bare. And that was nice. Sure. Don't get me wrong. But lately I'd found myself drawn to certain girls in porn rags and videos—girls with full, lush pussy bushes. Blond, brunet, redhead, it didn't matter. That forest of pubes turned me on. I wanted to feel those curls against my cheek. I imagined them tickling the sides of my cock shaft as I sank deep into quim. I started collecting '70s porn just for the beavers.

So late one night, after some very hot sex, I finally mentioned the idea to my girlfriend. "Honey, what do you think about letting your pussy bush grow once—just to, you know, see? I got to tell you, I think it would be so hot, tugging on your pubes with my teeth—spraying my white spunk in all those black curls."

My dick twitched against Jane's thigh, and she got this crooked little smile on her face, more like a smirk. "Well," she replied, "you've got yourself a deal—if I get to shave your pubes and your ball sac. Sometimes I wonder what it would feel like to suck off a smooth-shaven man."

Wow. I wasn't so sure about a razor wielded in somebody's else's hand, against my nuts. Then again, in the six months I'd known the girl, I'd never seen any nicks on her mound or folds. And I was pretty sure she wasn't mad at me. Finally it was the image of springy jet-black ringlets surrounding a very pink pussy slit that made up my mind. "Okay, you grow. I'll shave." My date with the razor was set for two months down the road.

'Course I got to enjoy Jane's pubes growing in along the way. First a stubble that tingled my prick cap when I rubbed my pecker back and forth over her folds. Then black bristles that tickled my whole face. A month in, those bristles had grown into beautiful curls that caught the light and sprang back against my fingertips. I spent hours playing with her pelt.

Two months in, on the designated day, I was nervous. Jane had made an occasion of it, dinner and champagne. To tell you the truth, it made me a little queasy when she started drinking that third glass. But then she took me to her bathroom, lit all over with candles, and stripped totally naked except for her lush raven bush. That took my mind off of my impending doom as she stripped me.

Tiny scissors trimmed away curls held taut between Jane's fingers. Hot washcloths were pressed against the base of my prod. My shooter began to rise. Warm lather was swabbed onto my pubes and my balls with a shaving brush. By the time she finished, I was totally hard.

I closed my eyes when she picked up the razor, and I readied myself for the worst, but there were only these incredible sensations: an erotic scraping and tugging across my rocks, her fingers touching my naked skin. It felt intense, electric!

When the last stroke of the razor had passed over my flesh, I finally glanced down. Wow. I could not fuckin' believe how big my cock looked! From my perspective, looking straight down, I seemed to have grown a full inch! And that's exactly how Jane reacted. Once she'd patted me dry, the girl attacked my prick. She was all mouth and gorgeous, hairy pussy.

She started with a blowjob. I didn't know she could take me so far down her throat. Believe it or not, when she reached my base, her tongue swished out to flick at my bare nuts. But she wouldn't let me shoot down her throat. Instead she moved down to suck on my hairless balls. First one at a time. Then she hoovered both fat yarbles into her mouth at once and poured on the suction!

Finally, she sat my ass on the throne and slowly, slowly lowered her hairy twat onto my pole. Her pubes tickled my supersensitive fuckset till I was laughing and coming at the same time. It was the best fuck of my life—well, so far. I have another date with Jane tonight.

—N.M.
Jersey City, New Jersey

She hoovered both fat yarbles into her mouth at once and poured on the suction!

I'd fantasize about whipping my boss's ass and pissing all over his face.

CORPORATE CUNT

By day I was a corporate executive laboring over stacks of paperwork at my desk. By night, well, at night I became—a corporate executive slaving through a never-ending in-box of email. I was tired, horny, frustrated. Sure, I'd daydream. I'd imagine little Liza from accounting kneeling between my thighs, lapping at my snatch and rimming my puckered starfish. Maybe Hank, the security guard, would catch us in the act. Maybe he'd slap handcuffs on my wrists and force me to suck his big, throbbing cock while Liza nursed on his ball sac. On really long days I'd fantasize about whipping my boss's ass and pissing all over his face. Then I'd lock my office door and masturbate.

Thing is, how the hell is a woman supposed to get laid when she works 80 hours a week? Those internet dating sites all seem so lame. And my executive coworkers—'droids in starched white shirts and suits—all seemed so tame. Plus, I was determined to make partner by the end of the quarter. So I kept up the insane hours, but hid my two favorite sex toys in my desk: a long, fat ebony vibrator and a small pink butt plug. And I took to wearing crotchless panties.

Late at night I'd take the edge off with a little fuck break. Bent over the arm of my leather couch, I'd talk dirty to myself till my pussy started to tingle. I'd swat my butt a few times just for good measure, then double-dick my ass and cunt to elaborate fantasies.

Last night wasn't any different. In my fantasy I was lying on the floor, at the center of a huge circle jerk. Ten, maybe 11 men were spray-painting my body with hot jism, and I was rubbing the spunk into my flesh, just about to come good. In reality I was humping the couch arm, my skirt pushed over my bum, my reliable friends drilling my cunt and bunghole. I was moaning, about to come good, when I heard a knock at the door and the door opened—what the fuck, did I forget to lock it? There was Hank, the security guard, with his jaw dropped somewhere down around his shoes.

It took me a couple seconds to react, but in those seconds I noticed Hank's cock bulge. My mouth started to water. I think I moaned.

Surprisingly, there was none of the extreme awkwardness or stammering you'd imagine in this scenario. Rather, Hank recovered quickly and took control. With my ass high in the air and my holes stuffed full of fucksticks, I guess it wasn't too hard to recognize me as a desperate slut. But just to make sure this big Black man got the message, I begged him to fuck me.

To his credit, Hank didn't speak word one. He simply stripped off his belt, his billy club, his handcuffs. I was hoping for the chrome bracelets. Instead he spanked me a couple times with the leather belt. Nice. Just hard enough to leave welts.

I watched over my shoulder, anticipation building, as he lowered his zipper and pushed down his pants and boxers. When I caught sight of that long, fat slab of meat, my pussy clutched around the vibrator. Damn, this was going to be good. I hadn't been laid in months.

Hank left the pink butt plug in my rosebud. In one quick motion he yanked the vibrator from my twat and immediately jammed his log in all the way to his nut sac. Holy fuck. His strong, muscular chest pressed against my back as he reached around and literally ripped the buttons from my blouse to get at my tatas. When he pinched both nipples at once, I started coming. And I didn't stop.

It was a fast, furious fuck. His hammer slammed in and out of my box. Still, Hank didn't say anything. I could hear his heavy breathing and the slap of flesh against flesh, the nasty, sloppy, sexy sounds of a thick cock dicking a juicy cunt. My clit rubbed against the couch. I clawed at the leather and kept coming, the end of one orgasm sluicing into the beginning of the next. Suddenly I felt the delicious warmth of jism filling my slot. *Mmm.*

Hank stayed in my quim till he went soft. Then he pulled out, gathered his stuff and left. Still without talking. He just might be the perfect man.

—F.C.
Flagstaff, Arizona

LAYLA BELLE

MOST LIKELY TO SUCK SEED

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

GX10

It took me a while to come out of my shell when I was growing up, but once I did, there was no looking back! I hooked up a lot in high school—so much that I was voted most likely to be a porn star! I got shamed for being sexual, so I never felt like I fit in, but now that I really am in porn, I love that I can be myself in such a positive, judgment-free environment. Everyone in the industry has been so supportive—and fun!

“My favorite things to film are group scenes, and I’m dying to do a gangbang or blowbang on camera sometime soon. The idea of sucking a bunch of cocks at once gets me wet just thinking about it. The biggest key to great sex is being able to give a grade-A blowjob, which is why I practice as much and as often as I can!”

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ANDIE & RENAE

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

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RENAE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **New York City, New York**
AGE: **21** | HEIGHT: **5-4**
MEASUREMENTS: **34D-25-35**

ANDIE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Newport Beach, California**
AGE: **20** | HEIGHT: **5-0**
MEASUREMENTS: **34D-25-35**

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Posing nude and doing porn have enhanced my life in so many ways. For one, I love how in touch with my body I become when I pose nude. Instead of wearing clothes to illustrate who I am to the public, I'm left with just my skin—which, I think, shows who I am more clearly. And porn has made me much more comfortable with learning to listen, exploring new things and communicating clearly. I feel like a more evolved person because of my experience on set, which has positively affected other areas of my life.

"I'm multifaceted—to the point where it almost confuses people. When I'm not on set, I like to write personal essays, and I run a live-event series, *The Lust Files*, that focuses on sex positivity. I also love to run, especially through Central Park—in school, I was undefeated in track and cross-country running for two years straight.

"I'm attracted to both men and women. I like guys with a strong sense of purpose—someone who's dedicated to something that's important to him. If a man is passionate about something, that's a green flag. I like women who are witty and flirty, while also being forward. I tend to be shy, so a woman who can take the lead and make me follow is an instant turn-on.

"Another thing about me: I crave giving head. And if you want to turn me on, kiss my neck. Gently play with my pierced nipples. Tell me exactly what you like, and don't be shy. Oh, and praise me!"

Tell me what you like!
XO Addis

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ADDIS'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Brooklyn, New York**

AGE: **29** | HEIGHT: **5-5**

FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy**

X & INSTAGRAM: **@addisfouche**

SAM JAY
NEXT-LEVEL FUNNY

Netflix's *Roast of Tom Brady* was one of Hollywood's biggest nights of the year, and comedian Sam Jay might have scored the biggest laugh of the evening with her burn of Patriots' quarterback and Brady's predecessor Drew Bledsoe. Because Bledsoe didn't play one second of New England's Super Bowl XXXVI victory, Sam (née Samaria Johnson) said Bledsoe's Super Bowl ring was a lot like her strap-on: "Just because you wear it doesn't make it real."

Jay says her appearance that night launched her into the next level of fame, but she was doing pretty well before that. She'd done stand-up specials for Comedy Central (*I Didn't Even Know How Gay I Was*), Netflix (*3 In The Morning*) and HBO (*Salute Me or Shoot Me*), not to mention landing her first movie role alongside Eddie Murphy in *You People*. HUSTLER recently enjoyed a New York City sit-down with the fun, filthy comic, discussing her love of Boston sports and her mysterious romantic past—and, of course, clarifying the finer points of strap-on etiquette. >>

INTERVIEW BY T.S. FARLEY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIUS BUGGE

INDIAN TRAILS CONNECTICUT

HUSTLER: Tom Brady was a childhood hero of yours, so was it hard to stand ten feet from him at the roast, in front of millions of viewers, and ask him to put his dick in you?
SAM JAY: [*Laughs.*] I just meant for experimental reasons, to see if my lesbian pussy could still take a dick, but it wasn't hard at all. No pun intended. It was nerve-wracking to be up there period, to be quite honest, but once you're in it, the only option you have is to go for it. So it was all good.

So did it all work out? You and TB12 get together?
No, we didn't do the nasty. I didn't really wanna do the nasty with him—it was more for research.

Nikki Glaser said she became way more famous because of the roast. Did you find the same thing?
Yeah, it definitely put me on the map with a lot of people, and I could see it on the road, like shows are selling out more. It definitely gave me a boost, and I think it put me in a sports conversation—such a crossover bit. You got sports fans, you got comedy fans, and it was like a whole other stratosphere.

> THE FIRST TIME I SLEPT WITH A GIRL, IT JUST ALL CLICKED. I WAS LIKE, *OOOOH, BITCH, YOU GAY!*

Did you have any qualms about viciously burning backup QB Drew Bledsoe?
I love Drew! He's so sweet. I really, really like him, a cool guy, supercool and super chill. He didn't take it personally and was down to clown.

As a lifelong Boston sports fan, how psyched were you to meet Brady, Gronk, Edelman et al.?
And Willie McGinest. Yeah, it was incredible. I took so many pictures and sent them to my brother, who was so jealous. It was even cooler that everyone was super chill. You have these ideas of these guys in your head, and they weren't disappointing. Everyone was hella cool.

Gronk famously spiked his glass shot glass on the front of that stage. Did you take any shrapnel?
No, I didn't get hit, but that was wild.

Did anyone else?
[*Laughing, with hands in the air.*] Nuh-uh, I'm not getting involved. I don't want nothing to do with any lawsuits!

When your set was over, Brady said, "Great job, bro." Bro? Did that bother you?
That was great. Tom Brady can really call me anything.

After the roast, I saw you on Julian Edelman's podcast. Did the roast get you other opportunities?
I went to the [Patriots] Hall of Fame event in Foxboro. That was pretty fire, but for me it's enough that if I see Julian or Willie somewhere, they throw their hands up and go "Hey, Sam!" which is pretty awesome.

By the way, did you get the feeling Tommy Boy didn't know what he'd gotten himself into with that roast, getting ripped for three hours?
Yeah, I don't know if it was that he didn't know what he'd gotten himself into, but I think by the middle he was like, *Wow, this isn't gonna stop any time soon.* I think in the middle it was like, *Fuuuuuck…*

Let's talk about pre-roast and pre-comedy Sam Jay. I read you went to college—
I, I, I, uh, enrolled in a school, let's say. I didn't really go to college.

Wikipedia says you quit due to "lack of interest"?
Well, that's just someone surmising, but I guess that's a proper surmise.

So then you worked "in an office" or as a "music manager"?
I had a lot of different office jobs, like customer service, office assistant, all kinds of dumb shit. Starbucks, Best Buy, Filene's Basement, Macy's, the IRS. I once worked for a company where I tracked sperm all over the country, for people who were trying to make babies. And I worked managing independent artists, in the music scene in Atlanta, on the ground, grassroots level.

You moved from Boston to Atlanta?
I went to Atlanta to be around Black people, just a change of pace from Boston [*laughs*]. My whole family's in Boston, and because my grandmother had 11 kids, I got a big family. I moved because when you got a huge family, your identity is all wrapped up in that, so I wanted to get away to figure out me.

Was it hard for you to come out to that big family?
I don't even know that I came out. I didn't even know I was gay originally. I didn't hate boys, and I'd had sex with men before, and it wasn't the worst thing that ever happened to me. I wasn't like, *Ewww, what's going on?* I had a boyfriend for a long time, from the time I was 15 to 22 or 23, and I loved him. But after we broke up, I was trying to find connections with dudes, and it wasn't clicking. I couldn't really figure out why it wasn't clicking, ya know, but I was living in Atlanta, and Atlanta is like the Black gay mecca. There are so many out people, and girls are flirting with me, and I'm, like, *Huh, I don't find that disgusting.* So I just stumbled into it, but then the first time I slept with a girl, it just all clicked. I was like, *Ooooh, bitch, you gay!*

But it wasn't a surprise to anyone? >>

By then I was really off doing my own thing, and my parents had passed away, so I didn't feel like there was anyone I had to have a conversation with, outside of my grandmother. But I didn't feel like I had to sit her down—I just came back home with a girlfriend and a haircut, and I was like, "Yeah, this is what I'm doing now." Everyone was just like, "Okay," but I was a bit of a black sheep anyways, so I think they were like, "Whatever. It's just Samaria doing some Samaria stuff."

In one of your specials you keep calling yourself a "little man" because you take on the male role in lesbian relationships—
A junior man! A *junior* man [*flexes both biceps*].

Yes, junior man. Did you always dress masculine?
Yeah, but when I was growing up in the '90s, girls were wearing baggy shit, so you could just be a gay in plain sight. It wasn't weird for girls to wear boys' clothes. So I kinda leaned towards boys' clothing until I got to high school, where I wanted to fit in. Then I wanted boys to like me, so I had to start showing my titties and stuff…

> **"IT'S VERY EASY TO BE A BIG FISH IN A SMALL POND, BUT YOU GOTTA HIT THOSE PLATEAUS AND BE WILLING TO RESET TO KEEP GROWING."**

As a guy, I appreciate that in your specials you talk about how hard it is to be the man in a relationship—like, "This shit sucks!"
It does suck. You gotta do it all. You gotta do the trash; you gotta throw yourself in front of bullets; you get the short end of the stick every time. It's terrible…

How did you first end up doing comedy?
I always wanted to do it, was always attracted to stand-up, just thought, *That would be cool to try.* Finally I did an open mic, and it didn't go good. I got booed, but it didn't kill me, so I thought, *All right, at least the worst is out of the way. I'm not dead, so I guess I could keep trying and see where it takes me.* It's kinda a story of breaks, so the very first time I get onstage, I'm like 20, but then I don't do stand-up at all for years. Then, when I'm 28, I go onstage in Atlanta, and meh, it's okay. It wasn't like, *This is it!*

Then, when I'm about to turn 29 and back home, I'm starting to think, *I really want to do this.* The comedy bug from Atlanta was still kinda swimming around. I started hanging out in bars and trying material on strangers and stuff like that, um, the sneaky way to see how it felt, just kinda dipping my toe in the water. I was a little scared to fully jump in the pool. I did an open mic and got booed some more, but I just kept going. I don't know if it's confidence, but I just know that everybody sucks and we're all gonna fail. I have an understanding of how to embrace failure, I guess. I figured, if I'm gonna do stand-up for the rest of my life, it's not always gonna go good; sometimes it's gonna go bad. You gotta deal with the give and take, make adjustments and keep going.

Do you remember the first time you killed?
I do well all the time, so it's really hard for me to pick that out. I'm kidding. But very early on, quite honestly, I started having really good sets. I think one that sticks out to me is when I did Slade's, which is the only Black comedy night in Boston, and I was really nervous because it was known to be a tough room. It was also in my neighborhood. I knew people I would see the next day would have seen me up there, so I put a lot of pressure on myself to do well in that moment. I had a really, really good set, a standing O, and I remember clearing that off my bingo card made me feel that I could really, really do this.

Within five years of starting, you were hired by *Saturday Night Live*, which seems fast.
Not to me, 'cause it was all just happening, and I'm putting the work in. That was my first writing job, my first step into sketch, so it was like, *Okay, you're at this place where you have to add to your skill set, and this is an opportunity to do that.* I wasn't thinking about a framework of time.

What was the progression for you?
Playing bigger clubs mostly. I moved to L.A., to a bigger market, a more competitive market with stronger comics. Most people start in Boston, Ohio, wherever you are. But you have to get out to where the competitors are. New York, L.A., that's where you can really test your shit and get in the race of it. I was around a lot stronger comedians and started hanging with a crew of rapscallions, doing bigger shows, doing things in front of the camera here and there, so I'm kinda learning who I am. It adds to your confidence, lets you be yourself more onstage, do more onstage. You're just growing as an artist, building to a comedy festival here, a comedy festival there, and that builds to Just for Laughs, and that builds to *SNL*. It's very easy to be a big fish in a small pond, but you gotta hit those plateaus and be willing to reset to keep growing.

I read you were the "first Black lesbian" writer on *SNL*? Does that description bug you?
It bugs me a little bit. I don't even know if that's the truth, like who said that? I never said that, and I don't think *SNL* ever said that. But any of that 'first Black' subgenre, blah-blah-blah, first Black lesbian with a purple hat, whatever, it's always pretty frustrating to me, because you don't want to be defined by those things. Even if I was the first, to me, it's not even an accolade. I didn't do anything, and I shouldn't be the first person in 2020 or whatever. That doesn't make any fucking

>>

sense. So clearly, if that is the truth, it's an issue that had to be corrected anyways.

Who were the best or worst guests you remember from *SNL*?
It was really surreal, to be honest with you. My first episode was Ryan Gosling and Jay-Z. My first after-party was with Jay-Z and Beyoncé, and I'm like, *Holy shit, I'm in a whole other universe. Things have increased a millionfold.* But with that is a lot of pressure, super overwhelming. I also did not know what the fuck I was doing. I had never written a sketch, never written for TV, so it was a lot of banging my head and being embarrassed in front of the whole class type of thing, to get my legs under me and figure it out, but overall it was one of the best experiences of my life. It really grew me as an artist, as a producer, a writer, a performer. It was truly boot camp, and if you can take it, it will refine you.

You were on for three seasons. Did they grind you down?
Yeah, sometimes, and I had my nights of super self-doubt, crying at night in my apartment and just being like, *I'm a loser and this isn't working out.* I definitely, definitely had those moments, but also, once I stopped trying to win the show and kinda embraced the experience for what it was, I allowed it to grow me. I realized my value to the show and that it didn't always have to be about me getting a sketch in, but more how I was part of a team, how we all come together to pull off a live TV show every week. Then it became a lot easier to take the wins and the losses, the good and the bad, and not just weigh too heavily on either side.

You forgot to mention all the bad hosts and musical guests during your tenure.
[*Smiles innocently.*] Oh, right, I'll say everyone was so great, so great, and I never bumped into one bad host on *SNL*, or musical guest, not a day in my life…because I want to keep working in Hollywood.

On one special you said that every time you get a new girl, you need a new dick? True?
Wow, that's an old, old joke, but it's very true. Where'd you get that question anyway? You just type "Sam Jay" and "dicks" on the internet?

Help me out with the chronology of your romantic life because—
Oh, don't you get into all that!

But in one of your early specials you mention a wife, and in a more recent one it's your fiancé?
Don't talk about that stuff, baby! Nah, I'm just messing with you. Yeah, I was married. I got divorced.

That would be the normal thing, but I think in the last special you said you've been with someone for 17 years?
Off and on, off and on, not consistently. But I've been with my fiancée for 17 years—

And that's different than who you were married to?
[*Smiles.*] Hey, man, enough!

We're like *People* magazine and need to know! You want more strap-on questions instead?
No comment, no comment.

Your website sells mostly T-shirts, but also extra-wide rolling papers?
Wow, you have done your research, sir! I don't like selling shit. I don't like merch, but everyone's always saying you need merch. I never bring merch to the show, 'cause I don't want to be standing around hawking wares to people. It feels gross to me, but I was trying to at least sell something I would want, or use, which is how I landed on rolling papers. [*Editor's note:* Little known fact, but once upon a time, HUSTLER sold "Beaver & a Half Wide X-Rated" rolling papers.]

And there's also this little pin that looks like a mini you/Darth Vader?
I'm a nerd. I like *Star Wars*; I like Legos. So it's a little Lego Darth Vader of me. I just thought that was cool. I don't know if any of it does or doesn't sell. I don't keep track of it, but I would assume my merch sales are quite low, because I put no effort into it.

Are you the only comic in the world without a podcast?
I might be. That's an accolade I will wear. Surely I'm the first Black lesbian comic without a podcast.

But you've been a guest on some big ones, like Kevin Hart's or *WTF with Marc Maron*. Have you or would you do Rogan?
Never done, but I'd do Rogan. I think he's got some interesting ideas. I'd like to pick his brain.

Okay, so I'm trying to figure out your politics then. I know in one of your specials you rip Trump pretty well…
I just find him interesting, such a good case study for America. We did it, right? He's a reflection of our mess.

You were just in the film *You People*, with Eddie Murphy and, uh….
What, you remember all the details of my sordid love life, but you can't remember who's in this movie? [*Laughs.*] It was Eddie Murphy, Nia Long, Jonah Hill… It was my first movie, and a lot of my first things are these giantly overwhelming situations. My first movie, and it was so intimidating.

I bet Eddie Murphy was a dick, right?
No! Absolutely not. My God, you want some dirt! You are salacious.

I do want some dirt, which explains this last question: Is there anything as a female comic that you can tell me about the comedy groupies called "chuckle fuckers"?
Chuckle fuckers? Uh, I don't know nothing about that, sir. I dunno. I dunno, 'cause I'm happily engaged.

Really? So how many times have you been engaged?
[*Laughs.*] This again? You're relentless!

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MATTI KLATT

Be gentle with **Hanna**, folks. This is her very first time. "I've never been in a nude magazine layout before," the statuesque beauty discloses. "I hope the readers like me." With her country-girl looks and winning smile (not to mention legs that don't quit and a pair of massive mammaries), she's sure to be a HUSTLER favorite. Speaking of **Hanna**'s hills, are they real? "They sure are," the newcomer insists. "I swear. I guess things just grow bigger in Indiana."

Now that she has an explicit spread under her belt, **Hanna** is eager to make it big. "I really hope to make a living at both nude and mainstream posing," she says. "There would be nothing better than doing this full-time."

For recreation the Hoosier hottie is just as eager. "I love going to the beach, swimming, camping, four-wheeling and hiking," **Hanna** tells us. "I'm into all sorts of outdoor stuff." Even getting down-and-dirty in nature? "Well, that's kind of personal," the natural wonder chirps, "but I once had sex at a truck stop. That's about as daring as I get. I'm very traditional when it comes to sex. I only do guys, and I like the missionary position."

Does the ultrashapely goddess have any long-range aspirations? "I don't think about the future too much," **Hanna** concedes. "Right now I'm pretty open to whatever comes my way in life as long as it's fun!"

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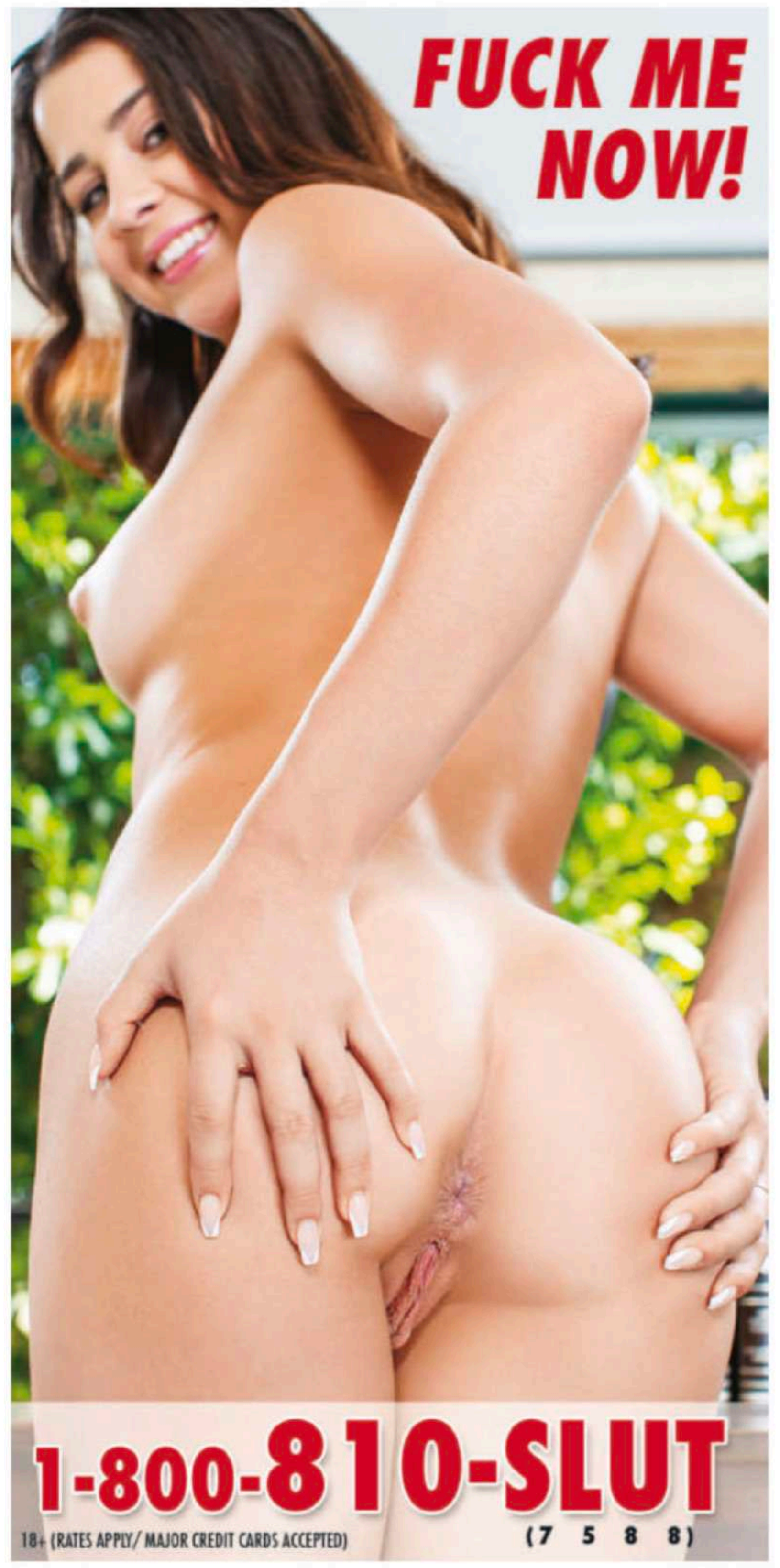
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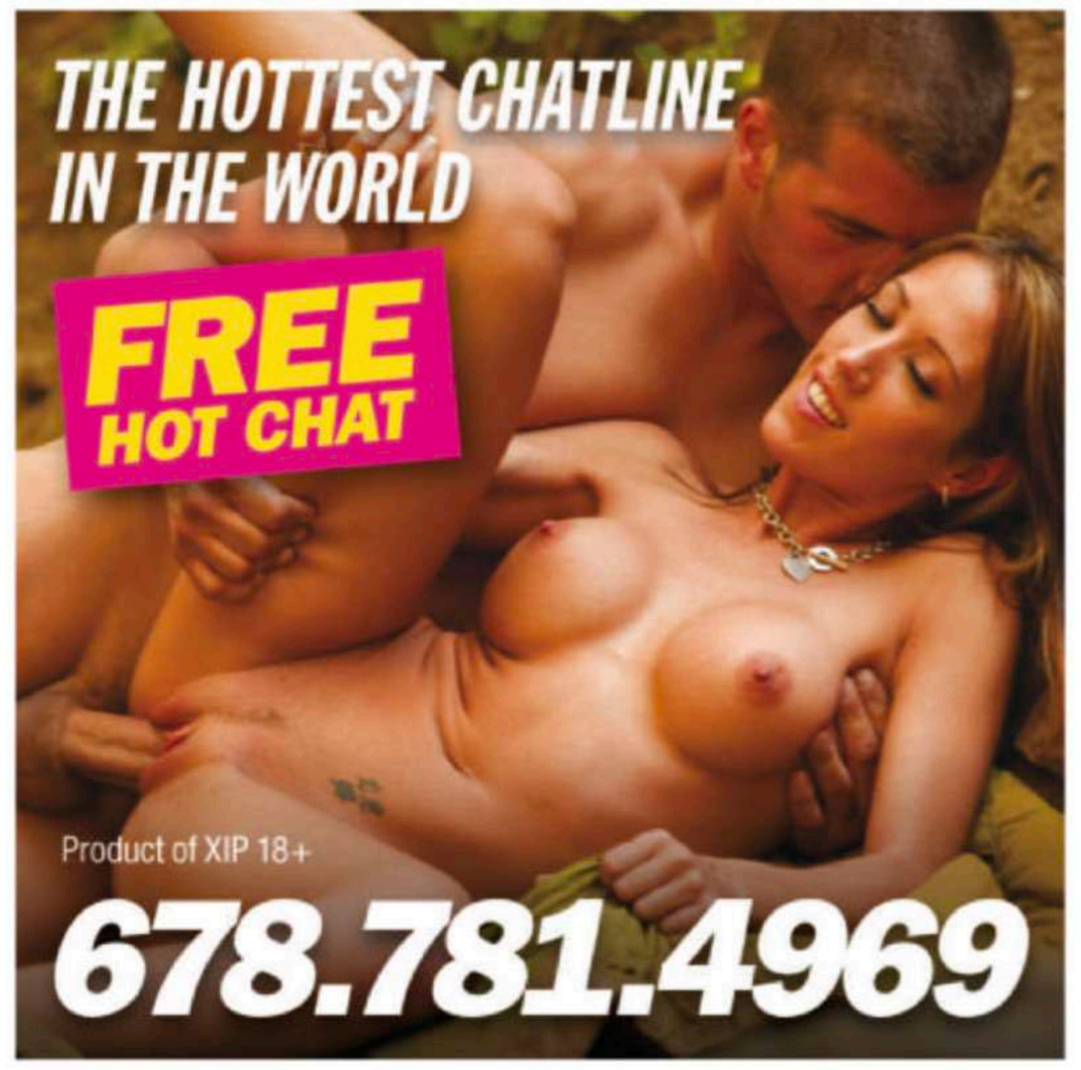
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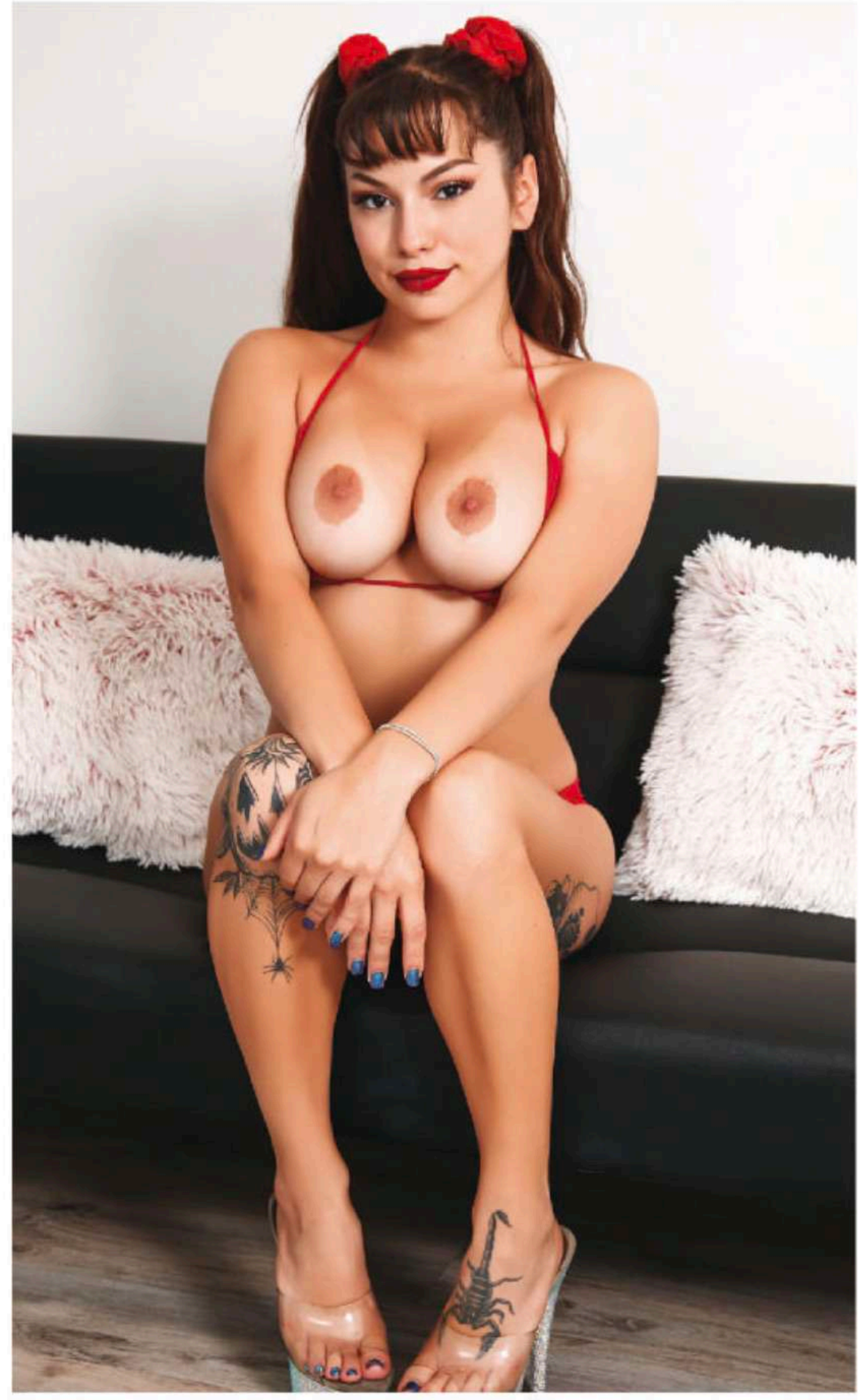

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DAKOTA QUINN

"I feel extra-sexy when posing nude," declares Dakota Quinn, 28, from Belle Plaine, Kansas. The 5-foot-2 cutie pie goes on to disclose, "I'm warm, sweet and bratty. I used to be a patient care technician, and I dig cosplay, music festivals, two-hour trips to the gym and traveling. Now I'm trying to make a name for myself in the adult industry. Although I'm from a farming state, I've never milked a dairy cow, but I sure love milking cocks and being showered with cum." Dakota has a pair of sexual fantasies befitting a budding XXX star: "I want to suck a dick in a glory hole and get gangbanged." —*Photos by Omnia Productions*

"My dream date has great food, greater sex and a creampie for the grand finale!"

KIRSTEN SKYE

"I thinks it's neat to be able to brighten up someone's day just by looking my best when I'm out and about," professes Kirsten Skye, 33, from Reno, Nevada. "But in HUSTLER I can show off everything and bring even more enjoyment to lots of people." The 5-foot-10 Silver Stater continues, "I'm.artistic, adventurous, passionate and easygoing. I love cooking. I've worked in many restaurants, and I'd like to own one someday. Cooking fulfills my need to make others feel good. I'm also a big trivia nerd, and I'm really into playing board games." Turning to her sex life, Kirsten confides, "I'll have fun with anyone, but I always have the most fun when a man is involved. I lean toward submissive, but sometimes I bring out my bratty side. No matter who I'm with, I take my time learning everything that makes a partner tick. And if you want to see me melt, just call me your good girl. I also love a little bit of naughty role-play, and I'll never turn down a gangbang or orgy. The more, the merrier!" —*Photos by Tony F.*

"I would love to have sex on a balcony over a busy street and see who stops to watch."

X: @SbrSkye

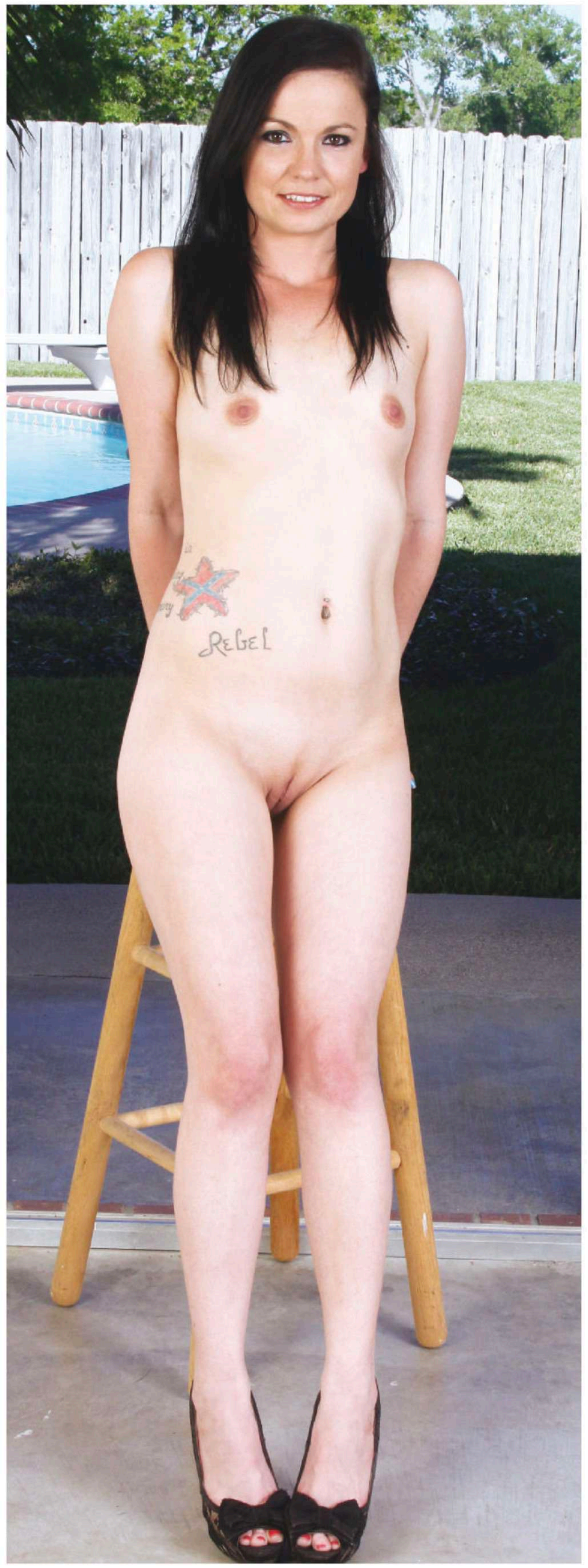
Birthday Delights

For additional eye candy this month, we've rounded up five Beavers celebrating January birthdays. Naomi Bennet from Zatec, Czechia, recalled, "I first heard about HUSTLER while taking a cinema course in college. We learned about influential Czech filmmakers, and Miloš Forman's *The People vs. Larry Flynt* was one of the movies we watched. I decided that I wanted to be in his magazine." Heather—a stripper from Killeen, Texas—declared, "I like when there is more to see rather than covering it up," referring to that cozy crevice widely known as a pussy. "I really like the words *cooter* and *twat*," she asserted. Lextacy out of Mayfield Heights, Ohio, told us, "I love modeling nude, and I prefer doing it in places where I might get caught. Same with sex." Nikki from Granbury, Texas, proclaimed, "I like to have my picture taken, but being naked makes it more fun." Aisha Shah from South Lake Tahoe, California, gushed, "I feel empowered when I show my nude body to one person. Appearing in HUSTLER has magnified that feeling. I can let everyone know I'm compassionate, sexually alluring and magnetically enticing." Happy birthday, ladies!

NAOMI BENNET

HEATHER

LEXTACY



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